My dear Friend.

I was very sorry to hear of you having had a renewal of that '*crazy* *pain* on your own account and on my own too for your absence was a great disappointment.— — Our Tree succeeded admirably— every one was delighted, and such fruit never did tree bear before.

The enclosed is a specimen which S. and myself hope you will accept as a little token of the love and esteem we feel for you— — — If the face ache continues donot wait for it to get well for perhaps my pillow will charm it again.

yours truly M. C. E.

150

Ms.A.9.2.5.25

The Negro.

Scarred by the scourge of slavery was he —
The Negro,— weary of his days of pain.
Yet ~~as~~ he casts his body to the main
Floats his proud death-song over the rockbound sea.

~~Thou~~ O Ocean with thy deep immensity! —
My mother Nature fold me to thy breast
God, my avenger, take me to thy rest
I seek ~~beneath~~ the wave for liberty.

He leaps & sinks beneath the cloudless sky
~~Unfeeling the slave~~ that wings her Ocean way.
The firm earth shudders as she passes by
And o'er the darkened heavens the lightnings play
The wind & ocean roar, while ship & crew
As parts the negro's soul, sink from the gazers view

The Negro
The The
The
The

Ms. A.9.2.5.25

~~Converse with the Soul~~ -

~~Sonnet.~~

Sonnet

Thy life's bright summer fair before thee lies
And hopes & friends around thy path-way throng
Ease and wealth & honours to thy name belong
~~[illegible]~~
And thy young children by thy strength may rise
To be what thou art — eloquent & strong —
Honored & loved, & foremost placed among
The world's gay wrestlers for its shining prize.
Bethink thee, soul! wilt thou renounce thy lot
Of praise & profit, elegance & ease,
Let thy ~~thy~~ name perish of the world forgot,
Let ~~life flit by~~ thee as the wintry breeze
Visits ~~the~~ lone lost battle field with ill
That so the slave at length be freed? — I will!